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WRITTEN FOR  
and dedicated to  
Miss Emma C. Thursby.

THE  
Beating of my own Heart.

BALLAD

by

HOMER N. BARTLETT.

Composer of  
"TEARS" "WHO KNOWS" "EL DORADO POLKA DE CONCERT" &C. &C.

Op. 43.

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To Miss Emma C. Thursby.

3

## THE BEATING OF MY OWN HEART.

Words by  
R. MONCKTON MILNES.

Music by  
HOMER N. BARTLETT, Op. 43.

*Andante espressivo.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time, marked 'Andante espressivo.' The introduction features a 'marcato il Canto.' section in the right hand and a tremolo in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the first system with the lyrics 'I wan-der'd by the brook-side, I wan-der'd by the mill; I'. The piano accompaniment continues with tremolos in the left hand. The second system of the vocal melody continues with 'could not hear the brook flow, The nois-y wheel was still,.....There'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

*marcato il Canto.*

I wan-der'd by the brook-side, I wan-der'd by the mill; I

*trem. trem.*

could not hear the brook flow, The nois-y wheel was still,.....There

2

was no burr of grass-hopper, No chirp of a-ny bird, But the beat-ing of my

*rall.*

own heart was all the sound I heard; But the beat-ing of my

*rit.*

own heart was all the sound I heard. The

beat-ing of my own heart, The beat-ing of my

*rall.* 5

own heart, The beat-ing of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.

*rall.*

*p*

I sat be-neath the elm tree, I

*rit.* *p più animato.*

*rall.*

watch'd the long, long shade, And as it grew still lon - ger, I

*rall.*



did not feel a - fraid; For I lis-ten'd for a foot-fall, I lis-ten'd for a

word, But the beating of my own heart Was all the sound I heard; For I

*sotto voce.*

*p*

*f*

listen'd for a foot - fall, I lis-ten'd for a word, But the beating of my

*cres.*

*un poco agitato.*

*cres.*

*f*

own heart was all the sound I heard.

*ff*

*lento.*

*con espress.*

*a tempo.*

7

He came not, no, he

*rall.* *pp*

came not, The night came on a - lone, The lit - tle stars sat

*cres.* *f* *p*

one by one, Each on his gold - en throne; The eve - ning wind pass'd

*rall.* *p* *murmurando.*

by my cheek, The leaves a - bove were stirred, The

8.

ere - ning wind pass'd by my cheek, The leaves a-bore were

8.

stirred,

8.

8.

8.

*mf*

*echo, pp*

*mf*

8. But the beat-ing of my own heart Was all the sound I

*poco a poco cres.*

*echo, pp*

heard, But the beat-ing of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.

*lento.*

*lento.*

*a tempo.*

Fast si-lent tears were flow-ing, When something stood be-hind, A

*rite dim.* *ppp*

hand was on my shoul-der, I knew its touch was kind,..... It

drew me near and near-er, We did not speak one word, For the

*agitato.*

beat-ing of our own hearts was all the sound we heard.

*cres.* *stretto.* *rall.*